

HOW

LABOR TO PRODUCE SINGLE POUND OF HONEY.—A single pound of honey represents the life work of 300 bees. If it were possible for a single bee to produce a pound of honey, she would have to work all day long, 263 days a year for eight years to produce it. To gather the nectar for the pound of honey she would have to travel 75,000 miles or three times around the world. Gathering the nectar is not all there is to the honey making business. The bees change the sugar of the nectar into predigested sugars called levulose and dextrose, and they also reduce the moisture content from 80 per cent to only 20 per cent. Bees build the packages for their product, run a nursery for the baby bees, hold court for the queen, do the daily house cleaning, and maintain a live cooling system all their own. They even have research workers and account who seek out new sources of nectar for workers to gather.—Exchange.

How "Wind" Came to Be Associated With Kansas

Kansas was named after the Kansas Indians, a southwestern Siouan tribe who were living in the valley of what is now known as the Kansas river when the whites came in contact with the whites from the East. Popularly "Kansas" is interpreted as signifying "People of the South Wind." William B. Connelley, formerly secretary of the Kansas State Historical society, wrote as follows on this subject: "There is a Kansas clan in many of the tribes of the Siouan family of Indians and in the ceremonies of all these tribes the representatives of the Kansas clan were given the office of making a wind to clear the path. The same time came to be associated with the word 'wind.' Whether it meant wind or not no one knows, not even the Indians, but it has been used in this connection so long that 'Kansas' is supposed to mean and is accepted as meaning wind, and as the prevailing wind across the Great plains is from the south, it has come to be interpreted as the south wind. So 'Kansas' means the South Wind, and the Kansas people would properly be called People of the South Wind or Wind People."—Pittsburgh Magazine.

How to Take Fingerprints

The equipment for taking fingerprints consists of a tube of printer's ink, and an ink ball on which the ink is first distributed, a roller, and an ink ball plate on which the fingers are inked, and possibly a card holder. The last item is not absolutely essential, but can be of valuable assistance in holding the fingerprint card in place to prevent sliding. Best results can be expected from the use of black printer's ink. It dries so rapidly that fresh ink can be handled immediately with very little danger of smudging.

How to Care for Screens

Screens doors and window screens when being stored away for the winter should be thoroughly cleaned and cleaned and perfectly dry. When the screens are taken out in the spring they should be brushed and cleaned before being used. If a light coat of screen paint is applied to the outside of the screen, it will tend to prevent rusting and deterioration.

How to Keep Piano Dry

Pianos, kept in basements or halls that are heated only occasionally, are soon ruined by dampness if no precautions are taken to prevent it. To do this, lower an extension cord fitted with a 25 watt lamp inside of the piano, letting the lamp hang near the bottom and keeping it lighted when the instrument is not in use. If the piano is kept covered, a smaller lamp will be sufficient.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

How Graphite Is Produced

The marking substance in a lead pencil is graphite and there is no lead in it. The graphite is washed free from impurities, ground to a fine powder, mixed with more or less clay, according to the hardness desired, and pressed through perforated plates, from which it issues in small rods. These are dried, cut into proper lengths, linked to remove all traces of moisture, and inserted in the wooden case.

How to Brighten Rugs

A badly faded rug, too good to discard, can be renewed by dissolving two packages of dye of the leading color of the rug in a gallon of boiling water and applying with a paint brush. The rug will then last for several months longer.

How Brain Is Fed

The brain has by far the best blood supply of any organ in the body. The gray matter that we think of as the seat of intelligence is supplied with the constant stream of fresh, rich blood around the masses of nerve cells that bring to the rest the rest they need.

How to Keep Panes Clean

To prevent staining windows, clean the windows thoroughly and then apply a little glycerin all over the surface. Polish this lightly with a dry cloth, but do not rub hard, so that the glycerin will be rubbed in. The windows will remain clean for days.

County News

NEWRY

George Tuell and family of Woodstock were called at F. L. French's last Monday. His mother returned home with them for a few weeks. Mrs. Rita Sanborn is a guest of her sister, Mrs. H. R. Powers. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rand of Dixfield spent the week end at his brother's here. Mrs. Addie Wakefield of North Bethel was a Sunday caller at W. N. Powers.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mrs. Thomas Gill of Portland and Miss Clancy of Lewiston called on Miss Mary Gill Sunday. Calvin Cummings of Albany called on Miss Mary Gill Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien and family of Bethel called on Miss Mary Gill one evening last week. George Rix of Auburn is spending a few days at W. A. Holl's. John Deegan is cutting hay in Bethel and hauling it home. Mrs. Mary Fuller of Sabattus spent a few days at her home in this vicinity.

Tom Kennehan has finished cutting the hay at the J. S. Harrington place. The Misses Harrington returned home from California this week and said they had a wonderful trip. Mr. and Mrs. James A. O'Brien of Rumford called on Miss Gill recently. Mrs. Hervey, who has been with her daughter and family for the last two months returned to her home in Waterford recently. Mrs. Lowe of West Bethel called on her granddaughter, Mrs. Crockett, recently. Mr. and Mrs. Harrett of Rumford spent the week end with Miss Gill and Miss Murphy. Miss Gill and niece were in Rumford Sunday.

MILTON

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jackson of Auburn visited at his brother's, Clarence Jackson's, over the week end. Mrs. Ada Billings has been visiting her daughter at Norway. Fay Billings has been staying a few days with her cousin, Barbara Coffin. F. L. Buck had a nice cow last week. Adolphus Bryant is building a barn for Charles Cox at East Milton. Miss Eleanor Tarsile of Philadelphia is visiting Clarence Jackson. Mrs. Winola Billings is working in the mill at Lake Mills. Clarence Jackson was in Portland one day last week.

WEST PARIS

Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Maxwell were in town a short time Tuesday afternoon on their wedding trip to a camp in Greenwood. Rev. H. H. Bishop, secretary of the Baptist convention, supplied the pulpit on Sunday. Glendine Ring spent last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dana Dudley at Bryant Pond. The W. C. T. U. held their monthly meeting Thursday with Mrs. Anna White. Billy Lane spent last week with his sister, Mrs. Ruby Dean, and family at South Paris. Harold C. Perham is moving his family from Minot to a place on High Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Haines spent the week end with relatives in Boston. Pauline Young, who has been visiting there, returned home with them. The boys of the National Guard 103d regiment returned home from Camp Keyes Saturday. Mrs. Manning Morsereau and son of Somerville, Mass., who are guests at Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Mayhew at Lakeview camp, Locke Mills, were in town Wednesday with the Mayhew family. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hill are spending several days at their camp, Camp Evergreen, Locke Mills. Myrtle Emery and Phyllis Welch are with them. Mrs. Laura A. McKee is making good recovery from a serious case of blood poisoning in her hand. Mrs. Hartman Welch has cared for her during her illness.

Mrs. H. L. Patch spent Sunday at Old Orchard with her daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. John Bernack. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Williams, who motored to Ocean Park for their son Junior who had attended the school of religious instruction held there. Mrs. Lena Sewall Herrick entertained her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cowell, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Fairfield last week. They took a trip to the old Sewall home on Summer Hill, where a picnic dinner was eaten and old times were recalled.

SOUTH ALBANY

Miss Betty Hill has gone to Beverly, Mass., for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Colby Robinson from Portland were week end guests at Leon Kimball's. Mrs. Daisy Philbrook and daughter Ivy are spending some time at the home of her father, W. B. Cummings. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown called on Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell Saturday. Miss Kate Fogler from Lynn, Mass., spent Wednesday in the home of J. A. Kimball.

James Cameron from Beverly, Mass., was a week end guest of his aunt, Mrs. Robert Hill. Nearly all the farmers in this locality have finished haying. Ivan Kimball was in Norway Saturday.

WEST GREENWOOD

Rev. A. C. Townsend preached at the Albany church on Sunday. E. B. Barker called to see Roy Wardwell Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Andrews and Ben McKell from Norway were Sunday evening callers at James Kimball's. Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Sawin saw a bear cub in the road near their barn Friday night. Round Mountain Grange met in regular session Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Allen were at home over the week end. Blackberries are getting ripe. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Canwell and family were in Mechanic Falls Sunday.

Albany—Waterford

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rice of Bristol, Conn. are stopping with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rice, at Albany and are attending the summer session at Bates College. Mr. and Mrs. Don Rice have recently purchased an eight cylinder Ford. Theodore Brown and Ernest McAllister are cutting the grass on the Ingalls McAllister place at S. Albany. Fred Staples of Oxford was in this place Wednesday on business. Ernest Grover is haying for M. N. Sawin.

Wm. Kerr of Rumford, subscription agent for the Curtis Publishing Company was through this place Friday. B. F. Henley and family of Bridgton visited his aunt, Mrs. Walter Canwell, Thursday. Evelyn Cummings of Paris Hill visited several days the past week at Ernest Brown's. Alton Paine is boarding with Mrs. Ernest Grover.

Mr. Miller of Auburn was in this place Wednesday and Thursday. George Land and Donald Brown worked three days the past week for Mr. Easton at Norway. The North Waterford ball team defeated Tuttle's Brighton team by a score of 1-0 at Brown's field Aug. 7. They also won the game from Bryant Pond by a score of 4-3. Umpire Henry Sanderson. Both were highly interesting games. Ernest Brown bought a red Durham steer of F. L. Staples recently. Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Lebrone are entertaining relatives from Massachusetts.

June Brown is stopping with her grandmother, Sarah Brown, while assisting in the summer vacation school at East Stoneham. Walter Canwell is cutting the grass on the place which he hired of John McAllister.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield McAllister are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son Aug. 8.

Middle Intervale, Bethel

Mrs. Prescott, Mrs. Rena Foster and E. M. Walker took a trip through the mountains Saturday.

Miss Grace Carter and Catherine Seaton went to Dover-Foxcroft Thursday returning Sunday morning.

Mrs. Ed Lyon and daughter, Barbara, spent several days with her sister, Frances Carter, last week.

Mrs. Deane Soule spent the week end with her father, Oakes Stanley. Michael Stevens is working in town for Dr. S. S. Greenleaf.

State Ugoon, who has been ill for the last few days, passed away at his home, Friday morning. Funeral services were held at Mr. Greenleaf's parlors. Interment was at Middle Intervale cemetery.

Mrs. Minnie Carter and Mrs. Roger Davis of Paris Hill were callers at Mrs. Fannie Carter's and Miss Grace Carter's, Thursday.

Harold Bartlett spent Sunday at home. Paul Carter took a trip to Portland Monday with Dr. W. R. Chapman. Mrs. Prescott, who has been spending the past week with Mrs. Rena Foster returned to her home in Doverchester Tuesday morning.

Donald and Frederick Stanley, Richard and Stanley Stanley, went to Daid Mountain blueberrying on Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Van and children were callers at Mrs. Fannie Carter's Thursday evening.

WHY

Lack of Oxygen Is Cause of Anemia.

Oxygen is essential for the respiration which maintains life itself as well as many specific functions. Oxygen is carried in the blood, from the lungs to the tissues, by means of the iron-containing "haemoglobin" in the red blood cells. The number of red blood cells and the amount of haemoglobin appear to be closely governed by the oxygen needs of the healthy individual. Anemia means a reduction below the normal amount of red cells and haemoglobin. We may have all gradations of anemia up to an extreme which brings death. Anemia may result from: (1) Disease of the red bone marrow, where the red blood cells are produced; (2) general starvation or prolonged deficiency of iron in the diet; the effect of poisons produced by some bacteria; (3) chronic loss of blood, as in gastric ulcers, pulmonary tuberculosis, or uterine tumors. "Pernicious anemia" was until very recently an incurable disease, invariably leading to death. We do not yet know the cause or causes of this form of anemia, but we have found that liver or liver extract, taken by mouth, is an efficient control of the condition. Anemia in general may thus be the result of many different causes. Only rarely is it due to lack of iron in the food. The effect of anemia is reduced bodily efficiency, physical and mental, in proportion to the reduction of the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood.

Why Child's Brining Up Affects Sex Instincts

"To find out," as she puts it, "the way girls learn to be girls and boys to be boys," Dr. Margaret Mead, assistant curator of ethnology of the American Museum of Natural History and veteran of two scientific expeditions in the South seas, has embarked on a third expedition, this time into New Guinea.

She has a suspicion, she said, that a great part of what we believe to be fundamental sex differences is not biological at all, but is implanted by the way boys and girls are brought up. On one of her previous expeditions, she found native boys playing with dolls and taking care of babies, while the girls were quite unaware they were supposed to have maternal instincts.

Why Forests Are Valuable

Forestry is the most profitable, if not the only use to which one-third of the land in Canada has been devoted, but this forest land has been, and will continue to be, one of the most valuable sources of wealth in the Dominion, according to the forest service of the Department of the Interior. Commercial forests can be grown on 555,000,000 acres, and on 182,000,000 acres the forests are either inaccessible or are of value mainly for their ameliorating effect on climate, the control of water flow, prevention of erosion, or their scenic attraction.

Why Tails Are Docked

The docking of horses' tails was primarily intended for style and never had any utilitarian aspect. It is now generally discredited by horse breeders, although buckskin and coach horses are still subjected to this treatment. Docking—for a full-grown horse, especially—is a serious operation, one that requires the attention of a veterinarian. There are approximately 15 vertebrae in a horse's tail, and in docking the last five or six are customarily removed.

Why Progress Is Delayed

The inhabitants of Downe, Kent, England's sleepiest village, are up in arms against progress. They are protesting against the building of a railway station. Downe has no electricity, no gas, no drainage system, no movies and no buses. The villagers are afraid the railway station would bring more people to the town.

Why Called "Cavaliers"

"Cavalier" was the appellation given to the supporters of King Charles I during the great civil war in England. It arose from a number of royalist gentlemen forming themselves into a bodyguard for the king in 1631. They were opposed to the Roundheads, the term applied to the forces of the parliament.

Why Baby Fish Die

To find out whether baby fish die of shock it jerked out of water as a fisherman's line and then turned loose, 600 young fish have been allowed to bite on an assortment of hooks, and it is found that artificial flies rarely kill, but barbed hooks kill one out of ten.

Why Iceboxes Are Awful

On his expedition to the Antarctic Admiral Byrd actually carried with him two iceboxes, since the food would have frozen stiff if exposed to the weather. By means of the iceboxes, it was possible to regulate the temperature.

Why Tears Are Salty

Tears are of the saline fluid secreted by the lachrymal glands of the eyes. They are saline in order that they may form an antiseptic wash which carries away any foreign particles on the surface of the eyes.

Why Body Loses Weight

The average human body loses weight at the rate of one pound every eight hours by the evaporation of moisture through the lungs and pores.—Collier's Weekly.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- Questions
1. What was Mark Twain?
 2. What is wrong with the sentence, "He run all the way"?
 3. What is a glacier?
 4. What is the largest city in the United States?
 5. Who is the governor general of the Philippine Islands?
 6. What is the birthstone of December?
 7. What was the popular name for the People's party in 1891?
 8. Of what country is the alligator a native?
 9. In Parliamentary law, whose duty is it to state the question?
 10. Name the birthplace of Jesus.

Answers to Last Week's Questions

1. Gorge Stratton Porter.
2. The names of the seasons should not be capitalized, except when personified.
3. The moisture or water vapor in the atmosphere.
4. Honolulu.
5. Will Rogers.
6. Ancient, garnet; modern, hyacinth.
7. England.
8. Asia Minor and countries around the Mediterranean.
9. A set of customs and rules used by organized bodies in the conduct of their meetings.
10. Nazareth of Galilee.

GILEAD

Philip LaFlamme and Russell Moffett spent the week end at their homes in Bartlett, N. H.

Albert Bennett and Charles Briggott have accepted a position at Hastings, with the U. S. Forest Service.

Mrs. Mary Pelested went to West Paris Monday to visit her daughter, Mrs. Hazel Collette.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Richardson were guests of friends in West Paris Sunday.

Dr. I. P. Symonds of Norway is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Albert Bennett and children spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Roland Hayes in Shelburne, N. H.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

Whereas Arthur Crockett, of Greenwood, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated the twenty-fourth day of September, 1931, and recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 402, Page 302, conveyed to me, the undersigned, a certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated in said Greenwood, near Lockes Mills Village, on the northerly side of the County road leading from said Village to Bryant Pond Village, so called, and bounded as follows: beginning at the southerly corner of land of E. L. Tephers, although highway and coach horses are still subjected to this treatment. Docking—for a full-grown horse, especially—is a serious operation, one that requires the attention of a veterinarian. There are approximately 15 vertebrae in a horse's tail, and in docking the last five or six are customarily removed.

STATE OF MAINE

Personally appeared the above named Herbert C. Swan who signed the foregoing notice and made oath to the same and that it is true, Before me,

ELLERY C. PARK, Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon heretofore indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1932, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

MILAN A. CHAPIN, Jr., at al., of Bethel, minor wards; first account presented for allowance by Clarence K. Fox, guardian.

Albert D. Sanborn, late of Bethel, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remainders in his hands presented by Maud A. Sanborn, administratrix.

Alpha T. Powers, late of Hallowell, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Leona A. Powers, executrix.

Elmer S. Hammond, late of Peru, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by Herman H. Lewis, administrator.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 18th day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

HANOVER

J. Archer Dill returned to his in Bangor Monday.

A very pleasant evening was Monday, August 8th, at the home of Mrs. Effie Dyer. Three tables made up for bridge. The guests were: Mrs. Helen Barker, Alice St. Theresa Dill, Emily Dickson, Worcester, Minnie Thompson, Saunders, Lucy Dyke, Genie Daly, Georgia Abbott, Mrs. Blanche St. of Rumford, Miss Mildred Har Sanford, Delicious refreshment sandwiches, salad, cake and were served. First honors were awarded Mrs. Dill and consolation, Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Elliott supper guests of Mrs. Lucy Dyer Monday.

Miss Barbara Cummings has returned home after a week end visit relatives.

Miss Janette Peare is the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Bennett Saunders.

Wallace and Addison Saunders have been putting roofing on the school house.

BRYANT POND

The Parent-Teachers' Association will hold their Third Annual Picnic and Field Day, Saturday, Aug. 13th. An all day entertainment, music, booths, novelties, games, refreshments, etc. There will be a parade of floats, decorated cars, etc. prizes for the best float, best decorated car, and best takeoff, with every invited to compete.

The parade will start at the grounds at 9:30 a. m. and proceed to the baseball field, where the picnic will be held.

Woodstock Farm Bureau held its annual picnic on August 4th, at the home of Mrs. Florence Cushman, 13th. It was an ideal day and was very successful, including the children. The day was spent in ball games and socializing.

Doris Houghton of Somerville, spending her vacation here with grandmother, Mrs. Anna Perham. Miss Gertrude Titus has been guest of Miss Myrtle Bacon.

The Flower Show held here Friday was a success. There were many beautiful flowers on exhibit.

CASH

WEEK END SPECIALS

AUGUST 11-12-13

PEACHES, 1 gal can, 2 for 1.

Silver Dale Peaches, 2 for 1.

TOMATOES, No. 3 can, 2 for 1.

Oven Baked Beans tall can, 1 dozen \$1.00.

2-lb. Box Soda Crackers, 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

MACARONI, 5 pkgs. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

Formosa Tea, Our own blend, 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

Orange Pekoe Tea, 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

Food of Wheat, Monarch pkg., 2 pkgs. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

2 lbs. Corn Flakes and 2 lbs. Bananas.

TRY OUR COFFEE SPECIAL

Griffins, 1 lb. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

Dutch, 1 lb. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

Scotch, 1 lb. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

SLICED BACON, 1 lb. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

TOP OF ROUND STEAK, 1 lb. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

NATIVE PORK LOINS, 1 lb. 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

PURE VANILLA, 2-oz. bottle, 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

Electric Light Bulbs, 60 watt, 1/2 lb. 1/2 lb.

Mark C. Allen

BRYANT POND, MAINE

HOUSE WIRING

and ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK

I am prepared to give prompt service in wiring, alterations and repairs—large or small.

All Sizes Lamps in Stock

GUY MORGAN

General Wiring Contractor

BETHEL

Phone 41-6

my Breath

is it offensive?

not sure, nobody mentions it. Sometimes caused by teeth, more often by disordered stomach. Common forms of indigestion, dry and sour stomach, gas in stomach, bowels, distention, headache, constipation, disagreeable conditions like these yield quickly to the old family remedy, "L. F. Atwood's Medicine. 50c bottle contains doses. Sold everywhere.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

POULTRY AGRICULTURE

FARM

DAIRYING LIVE

ATTENDANCE AT

POULTRY SCHOOL TO

EXCEED LAST YEAR

Final plans for the second Annual Poultry School to be held at the College of Agriculture, Orono, next Monday and Tuesday, are now complete. Advance registration indicates an even larger crowd than last year. J. Herbert Smyth, associate professor of poultry husbandry has announced. Poultry management and poultry nutrition are major themes around which the day sessions will center. The committee on arrangements believe they have secured some of the best speakers in the East for the various practical assignments.

Dr. Leon S. Merrill, dean of the College of Agriculture, will officially open a school with a welcome address at 10 a. m. Monday morning, August 15. Monday afternoon session will be presided over by Frank Lord, Kearsarge, president of the Maine Poultry Improvement Association. H. N. Roberts, Scarborough, secretary of the same association, will act as toastmaster at the banquet Monday evening. P. R. Hazard, Sanderstown, Rhode Island, will be the principal speaker. He is a practical poultryman.

Those attending the school last year from Oxford County were: Mr. and Mrs. Merle R. Adams, E. Sumner; Edward H. Brown, Norway; Carroll DeCoster, Norway; Wilbur M. Tucker, Norway; Richard M. Tyner, Oxford; Mrs. Ellen G. Akers, Roxbury; Mrs. Bessie DeLoft, Rumford Center.

SIMPLE RULES USED

IN CUT FLOWER

ARRANGEMENT

The right kind of flowers in the right kind of a container plus the observation of a few simple rules and a little originality thrown in is about all there is to the tasteful arrangement of cut flowers, says Edna M. Cobb, home management specialist at the University of Maine. Some people seem to have a natural knack for it, she continues. Others have to be more conscious about it, but everyone with a little study and a great deal of practice can arrange flowers tastefully, beautifully, and even with some distinction.

One bouquet in the house well arranged is better than a dozen carelessly done. The receptacle used for the flowers is of first importance. This should be subordinate to the flowers; the flowers are the principals in the composition and the receptacle serves only as the right setting for the flowers; therefore it should be inconspicuous in design, color, and decoration. Expensive vases or bowls are not always the most appropriate. Many times it is the little green mixing bowl, the marmalade jar, the tall olive bottle, and even the brown earthen bean pot that is just the right container for the flowers chosen. Dull tones of green, brown, and very dull red are pleasing colors for flower receptacles. Gray is exceptionally good for almost any flowers. For certain kinds of flowers, light tints of blue and yellow are effective. Bright colored vases should never be used. With strong colored flowers, black makes a striking contrast. Glass and silver can be used with any flowers.

Don't Crowd Flowers

The flower container should be large enough to hold the flowers without crowding the stems, and deep enough so that the water can come well up on the stems. It should also be stable enough in the base so it will not tip over.

Some kind of a flower holder is necessary to hold the stems in a natural position. Blocks of glass with holes in them are used or still better blocks of heavy wire which permit a greater freedom of arrangement. An inverted household strainer or one-half of a wire soap sifter often works well.

Some Don't's

HANOVER

her Dill returned to his or Monday.
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and Mrs. Carroll Elliott guests of Mrs. Lucy Dyke. Barbara Cummings has returned after a week end visit. Annette Peare is the guest of her uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders.

and Addison Saunders are planning roofing on the school building.

RYAN'S POND

Parent-Teachers' Association held their Third Annual Field Day, Saturday, August 6th, at Ryan's Pond. All day entertainment, including games, races, and a picnic. The day was a success. There were many prizes won by the children.

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POULTRY AGRICULTURE ORCHARDING FORESTRY

FARM TOPICS

DAIRYING LIVE STOCK GARDENING MARKETING

ATTENDANCE AT POULTRY SCHOOL TO EXCEED LAST YEAR

Final plans for the second Annual Poultry School to be held at the College of Agriculture, Orono, next Monday and Tuesday, are now complete. Advance registration indicates an even larger crowd than last year. J. Herbert Smyth, associate professor of poultry husbandry has announced. Poultry management and poultry nutrition are the major themes around which the two-day sessions will center. The committee on arrangements believe they have secured some of the best speakers in the East for the various subject assignments.

Dr. Leon S. Merrill, dean of the College of Agriculture, will officially open the school with a welcome address at 9 a. m. Monday morning, August 15. Monday afternoon session will be presided over by Frank Lord, Keweenaw, president of the Maine Poultry Improvement Association. H. N. Roberts, Scarborough, secretary of the same association, will act as toastmaster at the banquet Monday evening. P. R. Hazard, Sanderstown, Rhode Island, will be the principal speaker. He is a practical poultryman.

Those attending the school last year from Oxford County were: Mr. and Mrs. Merle R. Adams, E. Sumner; Edward H. Brown, Norway; Carroll DeCoster, Norway; Wilbur M. Tucker, Norway; Richard M. Tyner, Oxford; Mrs. Ellen G. Akers, Roxbury; Mrs. Bessie Duffell, Rumford Center.

SIMPLE RULES USED IN CUT FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

The right kind of flowers in the right kind of a container plus the observation of a few simple rules and the originality thrown in is about all there is to the tasteful arrangement of cut flowers, says Edna M. Cobb, home management specialist at the University of Maine. Some people seem to have a natural knack for it and follow the rules without knowing it, she continues. Others have to be more conscious about it, but everyone with a little study and a great deal of practice can arrange flowers tastefully, beautifully, and even with some distinction.

One bouquet in the house well arranged is better than a dozen carelessly done. The receptacle used for the flowers is of first importance. This should be subordinate to the flowers; the flowers are the principals in the composition and the receptacle serves only as the right setting for the flowers; therefore it should be inconspicuous in design, color, and decoration. Expensive vases or bowls are not always the most appropriate. Many times it is the little green mixing bowl, the marmalade jar, the tall olive bottle, and even the brown earthen bean pot that is just the right container for the flowers chosen. Dull tones of green, brown, and very dull red are pleasing colors for flower receptacles. Gray is exceptionally good for almost any flowers. For certain kinds of flowers, light tints of blue and yellow are effective. Bright colored vases should never be used. With strong colored flowers, black makes a striking contrast. Glass and silver can be used with any flowers.

Don't Crowd Flowers
The flower container should be large enough to hold the flowers without crowding the stems, and deep enough so that the water can come well up on the stems. It should also be stable enough in the base so it will not tip over.
Some kind of a flower holder is necessary to hold the stems in a natural position. Blocks of glass with holes in them are used or still better blocks of heavy wire which permit a greater freedom of arrangement. An inverted household strainer or one-half of a wire soap shaker often works well.

Some Don'ts
And now for a few "do's and don'ts" in the arrangement of the flowers themselves. Above all, avoid crowding or having all the flowers at the same height. They do not grow that way naturally. A few sprays of foliage add a great deal to the attractiveness of the arrangement. A small number of different kinds of flowers is to be preferred to a greater number. When flowers of the same species and color are used, the larger and more fully opened ones should be placed below and the partly opened ones or buds above.

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FARM BUREAU COMMITTEES TO MEET THIS MONTH

To plan work for 1933 and to arrange for membership solicitation, the executive committee of each county Farm Bureau in Maine will hold their semi-annual meeting during August. George E. Lord, secretary of the Maine Farm Bureau Federation, announced recently.

VEGETABLE CANNING EASY TODAY

From almost every house you pass these days comes the odor of cooking berries or steaming vegetables. Women are busy—busy storing away vitamins, minerals, calories and flavors in jars for the winter days. Even with the reassurance they may have from the political parties that times will be better after election, women will run no risks. They want to be sure of food for their families.

There are many lovely gardens this summer. In these gardens grow both wax and crisp green string beans, health giving spinach, and chard, calcium rich carrots, young tender beets, well-liked peas and ears of green corn. Perhaps some gardeners have been even more ambitious but whatever it is—it can be kept safe for food in jars. Since there is more than enough food right now the wish comes almost instinctively not to let it waste but to save it for the day when Jack Frost is king. Home canned jars of food are not only a sure source of good food but they are a real convenience for the food already to serve. What if unexpected guests do arrive? What matter if the housewife is delayed long at a meeting? What if the day has been extra busy? There are jars of food for every need already for any emergency.

More than ever this year the old art of canning is again being revived. Science has been at work too, in Home Economics laboratories all over the country and has discovered a newer and surer method of canning vegetables, meats, and fruits, if you wish. This is called the Hot Pack Method. It is a simple method, too. In the Hot Pack Method the food is heated in a small quantity of water until it boils. This shrinks the food, makes the packing easier, and drives out any air which might be enclosed. The boiling hot food is then packed into jars and sterilized or processed immediately. Jars so packed may be sealed completely before they are put in the hot water bath to be processed. With oven, steamer or pressure cooker the jars are partially sealed during the sterilizing period and completely sealed when removed from the canner.

Some women are still using their old favorite open kettle method for canning fruits and the acid vegetable, tomatoes, but many housewives are saying that the Hot Water Pack gives a better flavored fruit.
This will, no doubt, be one of the greatest canning years ever known. City and town women are catching the spirit of canning. The rural housewife has always been a great canner. One woman tells of canning 750 jars of fruits, vegetables, and meats last year. She says, "I plan to fill all those jars again this year. Then I need not fear that our family will not have enough good healthful food this winter."

Few vegetables contain vitamin C, the vitamin necessary for growth. Tomatoes are rich in this vitamin and so stand in high favor on the tables of both the rich and poor. Tomato juice has joined tremendous favor as a health giving drink during this past year. Firm ripe tomatoes are used for tomato juice. Wash and remove stems and seeds, discarding any that show signs of decay. Chop and heat in a covered vessel until the juice flows freely. Strain the juice while hot into hot jars, add one teaspoon salt, completely seal and process for 30 minutes in a Hot Water Bath.
If it is to be used for infant feeding, salt should be omitted. If a thicker juice is desired, return the strained juice to the stove and boil it until it is reduced to one-half the original volume, and process as directed above.

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POULTRY FACTS

TO PREVENT LOSS FROM ROUND WORMS

How Poultry Pests May Be Combated.

(By C. M. FERGUSON, Poultry Extension Specialist, Ohio State University.—WSU Service.)

Costly losses from troublesome round worms that sap vitality and produce runts in the poultry flock may be prevented by taking three simple precautions. The first step in protecting the chick crop against round worms is complete isolation of the chicks from the adult birds. This is most easily accomplished by keeping the laying flock either confined to the laying house or confined to a limited range. It may also be done by brooding the chicks on ground which has not been used for poultry or where poultry manure has not been spread for at least two years, and where the adult birds cannot come in contact with the chicks.

The second step is to take precautions in preventing the carrying of infective material on the shoes, buckets and equipment when the poultryman is walking from the laying house to the brooding quarters.

Frequent cleaning of the poultry buildings and the removal of manure to some distant field where it should be spread thinly is the third step in controlling this dreaded pest of the farm flock. If this is not practical, a manure pit constructed to keep out the flies, insects, and rodents will not only aid in the prevention of round worm infestation, but will also tend to prevent the spread of tape worms from adult birds to the growing chicks.

Average Poultry Ration in Both Grain and Mash

The usual amount of grain given to 100 Leghorn pullets at this time of the year is about 14 pounds per day. About the same amount of mash will be consumed by them. For heavier breeds from one to two more pounds of grain is fed per hundred birds per day, and they will consume about as much mash as grain. These amounts of feed also hold good for 100 hens. As to the amount of feed for 50 chicks: in a period of six weeks 50 chicks will consume a total of approximately 100 pounds of feed, including both grain and mash. A daily feed

Another dish desirable now while eggs are cheap is the vegetable soufflé. This is a most attractive way, the bureau points out, to utilize left-overs of tomatoes, spinach, cauliflower, corn, asparagus, sweet potatoes, or almost any other vegetable. The soufflé is made from a foundation of seasoned vegetable pulp, mashed or finely chopped, and thickened if necessary to approximate the consistency of thick white sauce. Use one-half cup of the pulp to three eggs. To combine, stir the yolks into the vegetable pulp and then fold into the beaten whites. The mixture is baked in a slow oven until set.

A mixture of left-over vegetable also makes an attractive scalloped dish. Snap beans, carrots, turnip, squash—put two or more of these vegetables in a shallow baking dish with thin white sauce to which cheese has been added, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until the sauce bubbles and the crumbs are brown.

Panning is another cookery method highly recommended by the bureau because it retains all the food value of the vegetable and is quick. Cabbage, for example, or pan-fried carrots are cooked with a little fat and water in a covered frying pan, on top of the stove, where the vegetable is in fact steamed in its own juice and may be pan-fried with another variation. After cooking 5 or 10 minutes in a little fat, a teaspoon of salt may be added over the cabbage, a cup of milk added and the mixture stirred until thickened.

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schedule for 50 chicks for the first six weeks would be somewhat as follows: Grain for the first week, 10 ounces; second week, 11 ounces; third week, 1 pound; fourth week, 1 1/4 pounds; fifth week, 1 1/2 pounds; sixth week, 2 pounds.
For mash, 11 ounces during the second week, 1 pound, the third week, 1 1/4 pounds the fourth week, 1 1/2 pounds the fifth week, 2 pounds the sixth week.—Montreal Herald.

Kill Chicken Lice

Hens that are infested with body lice or feather mites cannot produce efficiently. One of the easy ways of ridding an infestation of these pests is to paint the roosts of the poultry house with nicotine-sulphate (black leaf 40) just before the birds go to roost at night. The heat of the hens will release the nicotine fumes and vermin on the birds will be killed. Body lice can be killed with one treatment, but the feather mites and red mites that harbor around the roosts may take two or three treatments. Examine a few of your birds. If they are lousy, kill the lice right now with this simple treatment.—Prairie Farmer.

Poultry Outlook

The poultryman has led all of his fellow farmers in adjusting supply to demand. Four hens, on an average, have been taken out of every farm flock in the United States on about 20,000,000 hens. In addition fewer chicks have been hatched, so much of a decrease in fact that some forecast a shortage of eggs next winter. Prices are bound to reflect this adjustment just as they will in every other agricultural product when the same adjustment takes place.—Exchange.

Poultry Facts

State, inferior eggs probably kill the demand for eggs far more than do prices.

Overhead incubators represent a real fire hazard. Lamps should be carefully inspected and watched.

If your poultry flock has experienced an outbreak of fowl pox within the past year, vaccinate all chickens between the ages of three and one-half and four months.

Poultry production and poultry population has decreased, according to the federal authorities.

Questionnaires sent to Iowa farm ers from Iowa State college reveal that 52 per cent gather eggs only once a day, and 72 per cent market eggs only once a week.

COUNTY FARM BUREAUS PLAN 1933 WORK

Plans are being made for woman's work for 1933. The home demonstration agent, Miss Ada Brewster, has already met with the executive committee of the Farm Bureaus of South Paris, Norway, Bethel, East Bethel, Middle Intervale, Woodstock, Rumford, North Rumford, Mexico, Roxbury, Andover and Upton to draw up a list of projects for the year 1933. This list is to be presented to the larger community group at the planning meeting which is scheduled for December. There it will be revised and adopted by the entire group and a monthly calendar made out.

The community executive committee who have helped Miss Brewster make the tentative program, are the chairman, secretary and the three project leaders in each local Farm Bureau. To date, Roxbury, Mexico, Andover, Woodstock and Middle Intervale are the only ones who had 100% attendance of their officers at the committee planning meeting.

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THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT BETHEL, MAINE.

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher.
Entered as second class matter, May 2, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by W. E. Houserman, Bethel; Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel; Lawrence Perry, West Bethel; John King, Hanover; Gordon Chase, Bryant Pond; Ralph Corkum, Locke Mills.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1932.

FEDERAL SUBSIDIES

In a recent radio address, Representative Robert Bacon of New York revealed striking and little known abuses in connection with Federal subsidies to states.

In the 1931 fiscal year there were 14 states which did not pay a dollar of net taxes into the Federal Treasury—while, on the other hand, the Federal Government paid them \$24,000,000, which amounted to \$1.78 for every head of their population. In addition, there were 18 other states, representing 35,000,000 people, which made net contributions to Federal taxes of only \$146,000,000 plus slightly less than seven per cent of total net tax payments. As a result, the 16 remaining states were forced to pay 53 per cent of the Federal tax bill.

The reason is found in the policy known as Federal Direct Aid Payments—simply another way of saying Federal Subsidies to states. The payments are made for a variety of purposes: fighting forest fires, vocational and rehabilitation work, maternity and infancy care, highway work, etc. Some of these are doubtless necessary—others are bureaucratic activities serving no essential purposes.

In 1931 these state subsidies totaled \$219,000,000 and in the last 10 years have cost the taxpayers well over a billion dollars. Their tendency is toward steady and definite increase. Further, they tend to increase state taxes, as in most instances the state must match each Federal dollar with a dollar of its own. The temptation to get the Federal subsidy dollar leads to many extravagant tax levies.

Like so many other phases of taxation, the problem of Federal subsidies needs thorough study and direct action. It is one more cause of the staggering burden on the back of the American taxpayer.

WHY BOYS NEED SCOUTING

J. Useful play activities as one phase of boy's expressive life.

In providing wholesome channels through which the play life of a boy may go, the boy scout movement has long been recognized as a leader. Probably no other phase of the movement has made such a direct appeal to boys, nor has been productive of such results as directed play activity. Why is so much emphasis placed on play activities? The manner in which a boy exhibits his emotions while at play is a fair forecast of the way in which he will attack life's problems later on. During adolescence boys need a certain amount of discipline as far as play is concerned, some with a large amount of energy must be shown the proper way to expend it; never to curb it while others with apparently a small amount of energy must be encouraged and interested to expend more and more. Communities are learning that it pays to provide useful play activities for its children, simply because a child interested in some phase of directed play is not mischievous, is not formed in neighborhood gangs which tend to lower rather than raise the standards of his morals. A boy expressing in his play initiative, cooperation and courage, has laid a foundation upon which he can build a successful career for himself.

GREENWOOD CITY

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hayes and family and Fay Morgan returned to Portland Sunday.

Leona Curtis, Dolores Whitman and friends from Rhode Island were in town Sunday, and Charles M. Spack.

Fred, Ernest, and Ann Curtis and Collette Morgan were in Errol, N. H., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Beckford of Providence, R. I., are guests of Mrs. Anna Hayes.

Mrs. L. H. Emerson was at Poland, Saturday.

Galen Curtis is buying for his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauri Tammen of Yarmouth are spending a vacation of two weeks at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hastings of East Bethel were Sunday guests of George Cole.

DAM TO CONTROL WATERS OF NILE

Engineers Working on Big Project in Egypt.

Nairobi, East Africa.—Engineers burrowing into the bed of a lake in southern Egypt are searching for rock foundations to support a huge dam. Once erected, this dam will enable man to control the level of the Nile, reclaim swamp areas as large as England, and give Egypt one-third more water than she now receives.

For years men have struggled with these problems. The trackless swamps defied them; the Nile struck its own level whether Egypt parched or not. It was only with the development of aerial survey that the colossal irrigation scheme came within reach of realization. It has now been sanctioned and will be carried out by the Egyptian government when funds are available.

The project will cost \$50,000,000 and the dam will be built across Lake Albert at Pakwach. The building of the giant blockade will conserve the waters of the lake, making it possible to provide an even flow and thus control the level of the Nile. It will mean employment for at least 300 Europeans and 1,000 natives.

Blindfolded at the great Sudd swamp area in the Upper Nile, where an accumulation of vegetable matter, sometimes 20 feet thick, clogs up the river, is one of the objectives. Much precious water is held up today in this section. If the Sudd could be eliminated, all the water flowing from Lake Albert into the White Nile could be used by the people of the Sudan and Egypt.

One portion of the great project, therefore, is to cut a wide and deep channel for miles through the Sudd to allow the full volume of the White Nile to flow into the main river.

The dam will prevent Lake Albert from overflowing, thus providing a new northern connection between the Congo system on the one hand and the Kenya and Uganda railways on the other, bringing some traffic to the east coast which now goes north via the river route.

Scorns to Don Uniform, Gets 4 Months in Jail

Lille, France.—Despite the Kellogg-Briand antiwar pact, Napoleon's maxim, "The rule of law ends where that of conscience begins," and the Bible quotation of "Thou shalt not kill," Camille Romand, former teacher here, was declared guilty of disobedience because he refused to wear a soldier's uniform for conscientious and religious reasons.

His plea that governments of the world had failed to save him from four months in jail following his refusal to wear the uniform of the fifteenth artillery camp at Colmar last March. He was eloquently defended by his counsel, a doctor, physician and civilian, and he was sentenced with extraordinary leniency.

The case was considered as not unusual in France and his invocation of the peace pact and the biblical prohibition were viewed as a challenge to the military service law. The court, by a majority of seven, however, declared Romand guilty of disobedience and sentenced him to four months in jail.

Deposits Increase in German Savings Banks

Berlin.—Economists are deriving some consolation from the fact that the sharp drop in German savings deposits has ceased and that savings again show an upward tendency.

The banking crisis of last year naturally affected the savings banks, although not to the same degree as other banks. In May, 1931, savings deposits in German banks totaled 11,225,000,000 marks. During the seven following months, deposits amounting to 1,430,000,000 marks, or 12.7 per cent of the total, were withdrawn from the savings banks. This bottom was reached in December. The tendency, however, reversed during the new year. In the first two months of 1932, savings deposits increased by 207,000,000 marks, closing close to the ten million mark.

Two Autos For Family

Newton, Mass.—This city, one of Boston's wealthiest suburbs, has nearly two automobiles for every family. There are 14,000 families and 23,000 automobiles.

For Glory of Waupun

Waupun, Wis.—Members of the State Prison baseball team here, who have a heavy summer schedule of "home games," enjoy a special dinner whenever they win.

New Reflector Seen Even Around Corner

Boston.—A stronger reflector than for illuminating the various signs on highways has been invented by William H. Miller and William J. MacDonald, Boston real estate men.

The new knob will glimmer when struck by a headlight at a 45-degree angle, whereas those now in use light up only within a 30-degree arc, according to the inventors. The state has ordered 175,000 of the new buttons for test purposes.

Try It Yourself Next Time



THE D. S. BROOKS LETTER

Bethel, Maine, Aug. 11, 1932.

Dear Friends of the Citizen:

These August days find us busy, not only with out-of-door pursuits, which claim most of our time and strength; but as a diversion, we are using our pen in the campaign work. Many articles are being prepared for publication, over wide areas of the country.

The Citizen, last week, on page eight, printed an article headed, "Porto Rican Missionary Spending Month in Town." This is brother Joseph Haviland, who was ordained last year, at Ocean Park, to the office of the Baptist Ministry. I recall reading the account in the Watchman-Examiner. It was a great pleasure, one evening last week, to entertain in our home here on Hill Hill, Rev. Haviland, and also, Prof. and Mrs. Gerald D. Cushing with their little son, Ronald. Our business with Mr. Cushing was, by his appointment, discussing affairs pertaining to our Baptist school—Hebron Academy. The visiting clergyman told very interestingly of the splendid, aggressive work that is being accomplished in various great centers through the "group system" of evangelism, composed of young men and women. I wish that pastors and Christian workers would make special effort to visit Mr. Haviland, during his short stay at West Bethel, and you will receive a new vision of Christianity and get an inspiration from Sunday school in October; but, if it is this missionary that will be of far greater value to you than an acquisition of worldly fortune. It is like a vision of Pentecost. Surely, "a first-hand experience of Jesus Christ is what we each need as Christians, to bring us back to a vital and fruitful faith." Let memory assert itself and impress upon our minds those sacred recollections of the family altar worship; the "grace" pronounced at the table; the prayer and testimony meetings; personal appeals for Christ; altar calls; baptisms at the lake; and holy living in the home seven days in the week. We cannot keep back the tears! Where is all gone? Do you wonder at the emotional things today? It is only a logical result of a "backsliding" from God.

Please give attention to this, for a moment: There are three baptismal events, which loom large in our recollection. I will pass over the first, for the moment, and speak of it in closing. My father held many impressive baptismal services on the shore of a lake, or the quiet marshes of a peacefully running river; until the later years of his ministry, when he conformed more to the simpler ceremonies, called "sprinkling." But, immersion, for baptism, is my belief; and on one particular occasion by the side of the lake at Brattin's Mills, on the old Livermore and Hartford charge, a large assembly witnessed the candidate following Christ's mode of baptism. Among those being immersed, were the wife and entire family of a Mr. Gordon—a rough and profane man. When his lovely daughter, Lillian, came up out of the water with a most happy and smiling face, his heart broke and he sobbed out a confession of his sin; and pleaded with my father to baptize him, also. As father took his arm and they stepped into the water, a neighbor noticing a pocket-book protruding from the man's clothing, whispered, "John, remove your pocket-book; it will get wet." The reply came audibly, "I am going to be baptized, pocket-book and all." And he was! And God greatly blessed him in temporal, as well as in spiritual things. Formerly, he had been a struggling man in deepest poverty. Afterwards, God poured prosperity upon him, and he gave freely back to God; and became a great example of righteousness in his town. When our family

moved away to the Yarmouth appointment, brother Gordon was the class leader of the Church. That was thirty-five years ago. Doubtless, he has passed to his heavenly reward.

Memory of another circumstance keeps recurring to my mind. I was preaching in New Hampshire; then pastor of the Jackson and Glen Baptist Churches. This incident has to do with a young Russian. A poor boy came over to from the mother country to America. Somebody took pity on the homeless child and befriended him. He was given the name "George Sherman." Years passed; he became converted and heard the call to prepare for the work of the Christian ministry in this country. They accepted him in the Moody school for boys, and he advanced rapidly, making great progress in his studies. It so happened in one vacation period that George found a summer position at Intervale, four miles from our Glen Church. His driving to our afternoon service there brought about our acquaintance and strong friendship. He was a young man then, in the early "twenties." Our work was progressing in a wonderful revival spirit, and the vacation, for George, was soon to end. He had made arrangements to stay on his job a little later; and would re-enter school after the beginning of the term, to complete his preparation for college. He said to me late in September, "Brother Brooks, do you know, I have never been baptized and I want you, as my dearest friend, to baptize me, before I go back to Massachusetts." I said, "George, next Sabbath afternoon, we will comply." The next Sabbath afternoon was beautiful and warm, a typical day of God's goodness and care for his world. The foliage here was wonderful, in its many gorgeous colors. The air was like the breath of Heaven. After I preached, a company of friends and Christian workers gathered a hundred yards away, by the bank of the charming Glen-Ella River; and there in worship and song, the heavens were opened and we bap-

tized that dear fellow—so far away from his own country and loved ones—but he was a spirit-filled child of God. I never can tell the "half," nor find adequate words to express the joy that filled his soul. Many years have passed; and now we have lost track of him. But—somewhere in the "kingdom"—if he is living, we feel sure that he is an earnest minister of God.

The first event, that I passed by, for the moment, to give place to these other happenings, marked my own baptism in the clear and still waters of that beautiful Lake Christopher, bordering on the west side of the little village of Bryant Pond. That experience of my baptism was indeed most glorious! It was an outward sign and confession of what the grace and power of God had wrought in my inner life. Will we ever forget the day? No, never!

My dear reader of this article, let me put the emphasis upon privilege and not so much on duty for you to step, first, into that crimson fountain opened on Calvary, for your cleansing from sin; and then confess Christ by baptism of water; following this should come the highest of all baptisms; the baptism of the Holy Ghost, (the meaning is the refreshing presence of Jehovah) that came at Pentecost. Ask your pastor for guidance; or come to talk it over with me.

Very sincerely yours,
Dalton S. Brooks

BASEBALL BATTING AVERAGES

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After that three times a week Mattie came to help tutor little Stanley, and when at the end of the spring the wand-ring duck and drake called that they had decided to stay on—and four Europe for the summer months—Stanley called back this surprising message:

"Will meet you in Paris in July. Coming on honeymoon. Will leave Stanley with you. Stanley Jones."

Home Work

By JANE OSBORN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

STANLEY JONES was thinking of his sister Sally. He likened her to a duck. Water sliding off a duck's back. Sally had been like that—responsibility, care, things that other people would be troubled with—water that would wash through the plumage of any bird but a duck—always sliding off Sally, whose feathers were always as smooth and glossy and perfectly dry as those on a duck's back. Nice metaphor, flat, thought Stanley Jones, as he drove home from his office to what he had once considered his cozy, comfortable bachelor's apartment. It was no longer either cozy or comfortable—not even a bachelor's apartment since Sally, the duck, and her husband, Bill Jones, had sailed away to the south of France for the remainder of the winter, leaving eight-year-old Stanley named after himself, to share the apartment with him.

Having proceeded thus far with his meditation Stanley found himself in front of his apartment house. He found young Stanley joyously playing in the basement with the janitor's children. That was the only arrangement that could be made on afternoons when Stanley could not get home from work early enough to take charge after school hours.

Now it was five, and there would be an hour and a half before they would be out for dinner—and an hour and a half that had once meant peace and tranquillity with pipe and book for Stanley. Now it meant home work for Stanley. Young Stanley had been rather slow with arithmetic, but before Sally left for France she had explained to Stanley's teacher that the deficiency could be easily made up when young Stan was staying with his uncle, who was a good mathematician, said Sally, and would have nothing to do but help his nephew.

There was a neatly penned note that first afternoon in Stanley's school bag. It was from his teacher, "Dear Mr. Jones," it said, "Stanley still needs help in his tables. He understands the theory apparently, but he has not had enough drilling. And Stanley is careless. Would you please see that he knows his tables better and please drill him in accuracy." It was signed Matilda Hawkins.

"I'd like to see that teacher of yours," said Uncle Stanley, with a fine tone of sarcasm that was lost on his nephew. "How old is she?"

"Oh, she must be very old. I shouldn't wonder if she was forty or maybe sixty."

"Is she good looking—at all?" said Uncle Stanley.

"Well, some of us fellows think so—but you wouldn't. She's got a kind of roundish face with a sort of a funny nose and a bump on her head and a kind of queer mouth."

"She doesn't sound like a beauty," observed Stanley, nodding the buckles of his nephew's school bag. Spelling came first and then some written work in English, and after that, drill with the tables. Stanley found that since the day before his nephew had quite successfully forgotten all he had ever known of the seven times table. "Teacher says you ought to drill me more," he observed.

The next day Stan's bag contained a note from his uncle for the teacher. He requested his failure as a tutor, and asked if arrangements could be made for her to tutor the boy from five to six every evening.

Stan brought back word that teacher said that it would be against the rules of the school for the teacher to accept fees for tutoring, but teacher had said she would come around at five to help, and would talk things over with Uncle Stanley.

So at a little after five that evening teacher arrived. But when Stanley answered her ring at the door and saw the pretty young woman standing there in the hall he hadn't the faintest idea that she really was his nephew's teacher.

"Is Mr. Stanley Jones at home?" she asked, somewhat perplexed.

"Why, I am Stanley Jones—won't you come in?"

"You are not little Stanley Ames' uncle?" she gasped. "I am little Stanley's teacher. He said you were—"

"They stood regarding each other with amazement. "He said you were quite an old man—probably sixty at least—with wrinkles—"

"I've got wrinkles teaching him," laughed Stanley. "I happen to be twenty-nine. No one would guess that you were somewhere around fifty yourself."

"In twenty-three," protested the teacher. "The little wretch—"

Together they worked with little Stanley, somewhat bewildered over the mysteries of the multiplication tables. At six Matilda rose to go, but little Stanley, with his arm around his teacher begged her to stay, and big Stanley suggested that they all dine together. Matilda had already said she lived away from home in a boarding house.

After that three times a week Matilda came to help tutor little Stanley, and when at the end of the spring the wand-ring duck and drake called that they had decided to stay on—and four Europe for the summer months—Stanley called back this surprising message:

"Will meet you in Paris in July. Coming on honeymoon. Will leave Stanley with you. Stanley Jones."

THIRTY YEARS AGO

ITEMS FROM THE BETHEL NEWS OF AUGUST 13, 1902.

Frank A. Leach, foreman of Pawtucket Gleaner office at Phenix, is spending the week with his mother, Mrs. L. E. Leach.

Gen. C. S. Edwards and Mr. A. Hutchinson went to Peaks Island, Monday morning to attend the Fifth Maine Reunion.

With the opening of the fall term, Sept. 2, Gould's Academy will begin its sixty-sixth year of session. The following teachers will have charge of the various departments: Prin. Frank B. Hanson; Assistant John L. Dyer, Miss Margaret Hams, Miss Eleanor B. Lynds, Alice Billings.

Berlin—J. T. Chapman and have been visiting their old home Bethel, Me., for a few days.

FIVE STUPID BLUNDERS OF THE WETS

By H. Beauchamp

The wets have made many blunders. Consider five of them.

Blunder number one is their intention that legalizing the liquor traffic would control it, put the bootlegger and speakeasy out of business, and drive crime, when the facts, easily ascertainable, show conclusively that bootleggers and speakeasies flourished when we had the licensed liquor traffic in this country, that they flourish now in both Canada and England in which countries crime is on the increase. Where there is legalized liquor it is manifestly easier for the bootlegger to conceal his dirty business. Their contention is false, and intended to deceive the people. The liquor traffic was always a law-breaker, and ways will be until it is suppressed.

Blunder number two is their argument that because a law is violated should be repealed. To follow this sort of reasoning, we should repeal our laws against kidnapping, hijacking and bank robbery, which we do not seem to be able to enforce—better than we do prohibition. Prohibition enforcement is improving the time, and is even now making a success as the enforcement of criminal laws.

Blunder number three is their argument to help the tax-dodgers—the big game tax payer, rich men and corporations, by putting a liquor tax on the support of the government and drinkers, who as everybody knows will for the most part be the laboring men and the poor. Then why talk about being the friend of the common people?

Blunder number four of their pretense to sell to the brewers and distillers, for a little tax money, the right to engage in a wholesale debauchery of American manhood, womanhood and childhood with their "beverage of 12 as Sam Jones used to call it. This was the meanest, basest and most grading act of which a human being could be guilty. One must be devoid of all conscience who would sell virtue for money.

Blunder number five is their contention that the best way to turn the liquor traffic in to have prohibition by states where it is wanted must be woefully ignorant who do not know that we made a thorough trial of that plan in this country, because it was found to be utterly impracticable, the American people adopted national prohibition. The army of the United States multiplied four times, would not be a force sufficient to prevent run-running at the countless miles of State boundaries to protect the normally States from the voracious rum-runners. It is evident that the wet want liquor, or else they are in employ of or trucking for, the brewers, distillers and foreign liquor dealers and wine growers, whose only sire is to make money out of this farious and character-destroying traffic.

After that, his case went the way of many before him. Broken, brooded by devastation, lacking the faith and the courage to return home the next fourteen years of his life were to be spent within the white shadow of the house of his doom.

Monte Carlo has a way of making a bow to these delirious of hell. She does not cast them off as ruthless as the stories legends go. For those fourteen years of his life, every morning out of the coffers of the gambling house, there came to the bored little gentleman living in a backstreet pension of the town of his undoing, an allotment of five hundred francs. Scarcely enough to keep his body and soul together, but an assurance, at least, of his board and keep. Twenty dollars a month, for a man whose fingers had once closed over the reassuring fortune of five hundred thousand dollars. To what that he obtained position as night elevator-operator for one of the large hotels. Automatics, is then, since no employee in the city of Monte Carlo may stake a dollar in the gaming tables, this disqualified him for the gaming tables, but, strangely enough, it was as if, after his life in thus in ruin about him, desire had died.

For fourteen years, Gentleman Jones lived his life there, occasionally pointed out as a relic of tragedy. His days passed as simply and uneventfully as if he had not thumbed his nose to fortune, and seen the results of his lifetime come crashing about him like hailstones. Every morning, hatted, spatted, nicely dressed in gray, quiet as a moth, gasping, still horribly shy, he walked from his narrow little pension in an obscure, even mean street, to a small adjoining square, where for two francs he took his coffee and petit-pain, which constituted joint breakfast and lunch. During the afternoon hours, the one important citizen of the thriving Casino town, talked about the beaches dawdled an hour in the park during

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

ADY tourists with Baedekers and misanthropic men with sufficient income to retire and live comfortably in pensions along the Riviera are sentimental referring to a gambling casino at Monte Carlo as "Heartbreak House."

Well, there can be no doubt that out of this storied mansion of chance, the cost of the losing game, the gambles of men and women have stumbled to tragedy of one sort or another.

The case of Gentleman Jones was one that stood out, even on the crowded ledgers of the debt stories the keeper up the past of the brilliant principality, which is set like a painted drop-curtain against the red-dish foreground of the Mediterranean.

Gentleman Jones came to Monte Carlo at the age of forty-five, a broken man in body and mind, a man whose fortune of five hundred thousand dollars in a staple mercantile business, his visit to Monte Carlo was more or less accidental, nothing more than part of a tour along the French Riviera, during his first trip abroad, after his retirement from business to which he had devoted the early years of his life. It was his first vacation, the rather typical case of a self-made American trying to learn how to play.

In Jones' case this was different. Thirty-five years that included thirty-five years of toiling the market, business responsibility, head decisions and the growing burdens of success, had produced a premature white, socially timid, and wholly unplayful individual. Say to Jones that he had appeared sunny, delicate as a woman in manner, exhibiting none of those aggressive qualities which had made him a success in business, the middle-aged, well-dressed, easy-spending American, who drifted into Monte Carlo, was just one more unrecognizable member of his pleasure tribe.

One week later, however, Gentleman Jones, as he was dubbed overnight, was not only the talk of the cosmopolitan, but the American press, with special emphasis in his home. He carried the ever-tragic and dramatic story of a man who has gambled away his fortune to the banks of Monte Carlo.

Exactly eight days, Jones had been to the green baize tables the sum of four hundred and eighty-five dollars. It was one of those peculiar gambles which happen every so often in the little unreal principality along the sea.

When he walked into the brilliant gaming salons his first night at Monte Carlo, something inside of him stirred. Jones which had never before been stirred caught fire. For the first time in a bachelor life of hard work, long leisure, insular pastimes, he tasted the wine pleasures of roulette, he tasted the excitement, experienced the undulating thrill that catches a man at the bit of the stomach, as he plans gold in the lap of fate. Within two hours after his arrival, Jones, who had never gambled in his life, discovered that he was a gambler; Jones whose business success was due to his conservatism, and who had never before turned a playing card, found himself on the way to becoming a tragedy at Monte Carlo.

After that, his case went the way of many before him. Broken, brooded by devastation, lacking the faith and the courage to return home the next fourteen years of his life were to be spent within the white shadow of the house of his doom.

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The World is Looking Brighter

The price of stocks and bonds has been advancing.

Take courage and dig out your money. Deposit it in the

Bethel National Bank

BETHEL, MAINE

The Black Box of Silence

By Francis Lynde

Illustrations by
O. Irwin Myers

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Having demonstrated the power of an extraordinary silence, the "Black Box" which he had invented, Owen Landis, young inventor, in the little town of Carthage, confided to his friend, Wally Markham, the care of the device, which he feared might be used for evil purposes. That night the Black Box was stolen from a safe in Landis' laboratory.

CHAPTER II.—Landis tells Markham the only person he knew, knowing the combination of the safe, in Carthage, was his father, who he loved. Markham takes a plaster cast of a woman's footprint, found near the safe, and the two go to the laboratory.

CHAPTER III.—Betty, daughter of a college professor, is well known to Markham. But he and Landis believe her to be a spy, and they decide to keep her out of the laboratory. They are afraid of her, and they are afraid of the Black Box.

CHAPTER IV.—Markham vaguely remembers a car, a Ford, which he saw in the street, and he decides to follow it. He follows it to a house, and he sees a man, a woman, and a child, who are the people who stole the Black Box.

CHAPTER V.—Landis tells Markham the only person he knew, knowing the combination of the safe, in Carthage, was his father, who he loved. Markham takes a plaster cast of a woman's footprint, found near the safe, and the two go to the laboratory.

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"No; there were two people in the back seat."
"Exactly. Betty and her father, of course."
"I suppose so; though I couldn't make them out very well."
"But, see here; Canby was an hour ahead of us at the last place we inquired, which was only a few miles back. His car couldn't have been the one we saw stopped up there on the mountain grade."
"Of course not. The people who were in that car pushed a rock over on us. Besides, Canby hasn't my black box."
"It—n—"
"Gritted Markham impatiently; and then, "Owen, this thing is getting too many twists and tangles in it—altogether too many. I can't understand how Canby got behind us."
Landis shook his head. "Let's wait a bit and see if another car doesn't turn up," he suggested. "There must be another one, you know."
They waited for half an hour or more and nothing turned up. "It's no use," Markham said at last. "We may as well drive on and get something to eat."
They had eaten dinner in the dining room without seeing anybody they recognized, and were making inquiries at the desk for the Canby-Lawson party.

"Nobody of either name this evening," said the clerk, "but that doesn't necessarily spell anything. If they are merely motoring through, they may have taken dinner elsewhere at the cashier's window; in which case we'd have no record."
"I see," said Markham. Then he took from his pocketbook the slip upon which, in the St. Joseph's hotel, he had copied the names of the three Louis ville men, and handed it to the clerk.

"Any of these gentlemen here?"
"Why, yes; all three of them. They came in this afternoon. There they are now—pointing across the lobby."
"Thanks," said Markham, and the two crossed to the neighborhood of the three, Markham saying, "They don't know us, so we can take a good look at them, for whatever that may amount to," and accordingly they took a couple of chairs a short distance from the three where they could sit and smoke and observe.

For a time the capital went for nothing. One of the trio was reading a newspaper, and the others, the tall man and the sandy-haired one—the one who had bought the new Fleetwing in Carthage—were smoking. There was nothing suspicious in the appearance or actions of any of them.

"Well," said Landis, "where do we go from here?"
"I'm waiting for Canby to show up," was the low-toned reply. "I'd like to find out how he is linked up with these people."
"In that case won't it be better if we don't let him see us first?"
"You're right; we'll take the machine. We can look on as well from there."

They had scarcely settled themselves when a surprised voice behind them

"What's that?"
"I don't know," said Landis, "but it's a car." The car rolled out across the sidewalk, and Canby walked quickly around to the side entrance of the hotel. Markham followed, but not directly. Beyond the hotel counter he found a hardware merchant just closing for the night, and he saw a couple of men, one of whom he recognized as the man who had bought the new Fleetwing, and the other as the man who had bought the new Fleetwing.

"What did you find out?" Landis demanded.
"Enough to warrant us in getting quick action. Where is Betty?"
"She said it was leaving time for her and her father and went to get ready. Canby went up in an elevator."
"Did he see you?"
"No; I kept out of his sight. But he didn't find out we were here."
"Naturally. Betty will tell him if he hasn't found out any other way."
"You are acting; what is it to be?"
"A swift getaway. Get your machine and wait at the side entrance. I'll be there with the car inside of five minutes."

In rather less than five minutes Markham was playing the roadster at the side entrance to the hotel. Landis stood the machine in the rumble and climbed to his place, saying, "I'll be there with the car inside of five minutes."

"Wait until we get out of town," Landis waited, and he was still waiting when the roadster hurried over the hotel railroad crossing in the Red Hat Western yards and about upon the broad, silent expanse of the Red desert.

CHAPTER VII
At the Cinnabar
"Something, but not as much as I hoped to," said Markham, in answer to Landis' repeated question as to what he had learned by following Canby and the three; and he recounted the tale he had overheard. "All I can make out of it is that Canby is hooked up with these men in some sort of a deal in which he is the kingpin."
"You say Canby gave the others a map?"
"Something of the sort. He called it 'the layout.'"
"What did he mean by saying that the three had yelled for help?"
"That is just another of the mysteries."
"You heard that Betty told us that they had bought their train tickets, and then Canby changed his mind and asked them if they didn't want to drive? I'm wondering if it wasn't the yell for help that made him change his mind and plans."
"It may have been."

CHAPTER VIII
Landis spoke of something else. "You asked Betty what time they got into Copah, and her answer was, 'About five o'clock.' Also, she said she and her father watched the sunset from the mesa road; and not very long after that, Canby, with two people in his car, overtook us in the outskirts of town. How do you make that fit in?"
"I don't," said Markham shortly; "nothing fits it." Step by step, each new development, or half development, pointed to Canby as the thief of the black box of silence. But if Canby were the thief, Betty Lawson was just as certainly his accessory. And that he told himself, was unbelievable. Yet there was the great stone, tumbling down the mountain side in utter silence, to point the finger of implication at Canby. What desperate undertaking was Canby engaged in that would warrant a cold-blooded double murder as one of its conditions?

The lights of Copah had long since vanished in the eastward distance before Markham spoke again.
"Sorry your time with Betty was cut so short, Owen. But maybe we'll see more of her later."
"The time was long enough," was the sober reply. And then, half hesitantly, "I'm out of it with Betty, Wally. Canby's the man."
"No, he isn't; not if our suspicions are justified."
Landis' smile was a mere barring of the teeth. "You ought to know women better than that, Wally. Business deals, straight or crooked, don't mean anything to a woman in love."
"If you think Betty would wink at criminality, even in her lover—"
"We haven't anything to base a charge of criminality on."
"Nothing positive, maybe. But what I overheard in Copah seems to lean that way—not to go any farther back in the mess."
"Do you think so?"
"I'm thinking so hard enough to make me run the wheels off this wagon to keep in touch with that Fleetwing. Right somewhere ahead of us."

As he spoke, the roadster was topping a slight rise, and Landis pointed out a faint red dot in the forward distance. "You've got the touch," he remarked.
After this, for an interminable time, the two flying cars held their relative positions. From time to time Landis looked over his shoulder. There were no headlights in sight to the rear. If Canby was making the moonlight run, as planned, the headlights of his car were not yet visible.

"Needn't look for him, I guess," Markham offered, at length. "We're hitting it up a good bit faster than he'll want to hurry his passengers."
It was not until they began to draw in toward the foothills at the northwestern edge of the desert that they lost sight permanently of the red dot in advance. They came to the little way station of Arapah on the railroad, where the road forked.

"Here's where we wait," Markham announced, slowing down. Then he recalled what Canby had said to the man who was driving the Fleetwing. "Your route book will show you where to turn off." But which was the "turn off"—to the left with the railroad, or to the right up the mountain?

Climbing out, they crossed the tracks to the railroad station. When they stepped inside they almost ran into the arms of a group of roughly dressed men, each man nursing a Winchester. Markham apologized for stumbling over the feet of one of the men.

"My fault," said the one whose feet he had suffered. "I wasn't looking for anybody to open the door. Are you traveling—or just going somewhere?"
"More particularly, we are trying to keep in touch with three—er—friends just ahead of us in a Fleetwing 12-48, and we don't know which road they've taken. Perhaps you can help us. Do both of these roads go over to Brewster in the Timpany?"
"They do." The speaker was evidently the leader of the squad of armed men. "The one to the left follows the railroad as far as it can, and then climbs the Timpany range by way of Red Horse pass. The other begins to climb right here and goes in over Dimp mountain, and the two come to a head as you see in the big hills south of Brewster."
"Thank," said Markham; "but we don't know which way our—the Fleetwing went."
"I can help you there. It went up the mountain."
"That helps us," Markham asserted. Then, "A minute ago, are you? I didn't know there were any mines over here."
"There are not many. Ours, the Cinnabar, is about the only one shipping ore just now. Brewster's my name."

"Markham is mine," was the prompt retort; "and this is my friend, Owen Landis. Mark told us of the information about the road. We'll be getting along before our Fleetwing party gets too far ahead of us."
As they went out the young mine owner followed them.

To be Continued Next Week

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Climbing out, they crossed the tracks to the railroad station. When they stepped inside they almost ran into the arms of a group of roughly dressed men, each man nursing a Winchester. Markham apologized for stumbling over the feet of one of the men.

"My fault," said the one whose feet he had suffered. "I wasn't looking for anybody to open the door. Are you traveling—or just going somewhere?"
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"There are not many. Ours, the Cinnabar, is about the only one shipping ore just now. Brewster's my name."

"Markham is mine," was the prompt retort; "and this is my friend, Owen Landis. Mark told us of the information about the road. We'll be getting along before our Fleetwing party gets too far ahead of us."
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To be Continued Next Week

CHAPTER VII
At the Cinnabar
"Something, but not as much as I hoped to," said Markham, in answer to Landis' repeated question as to what he had learned by following Canby and the three; and he recounted the tale he had overheard. "All I can make out of it is that Canby is hooked up with these men in some sort of a deal in which he is the kingpin."
"You say Canby gave the others a map?"
"Something of the sort. He called it 'the layout.'"
"What did he mean by saying that the three had yelled for help?"
"That is just another of the mysteries."
"You heard that Betty told us that they had bought their train tickets, and then Canby changed his mind and asked them if they didn't want to drive? I'm wondering if it wasn't the yell for help that made him change his mind and plans."
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PASTOR HAS SNAKES AS HIS PLAYMATES

New York Preacher Collects Reptiles as Hobby.

New York.—Snakes may typify original sin in the Bible, but to Rev. Dr. Hugo E. Meyer, who expounds the Bible from the pulpit of Christ Lutheran church, Woodhaven, they are just so many little playmates.
In fact, in a room on the second floor of his house adjoining the church, Doctor Meyer has more than 1,000 specimens preserved in alcohol. In his back yard he has a live rattlesnake, seven alligators, and a family of turtles.
Early the preacher makes a trip to Palm Beach and Miami and comes back with additions to his collection. Last year he motored back with 300 pounds of live snakes in nine boxes and eleven bags, attracting, incidentally, considerable attention from the proprietors of filling stations along his route. Some of his little friends are now in the snakehouse at the Bronx park zoo and Doctor Meyer has not yet undertaken this year's expedition, so that his stock of live specimens is low.

Rare and Valuable Snakes.
The rattler is dangerous and he is carefully penned in a wire cage. The alligators have only a little more freedom. Doctor Meyer keeps also a large police dog, which has to be tied while the snakes are on view. The back yard is a center of interest for the Woodhaven Boy Scout troop.

Doctor Meyer has many rare and valuable specimens. To the expert, the room upstairs would present a wealth of scientific information. Jars line the walls, and each jar is the last resting place of some reptile looking reptile; cotton mouth or water moccasin, rattler, king snake, black snake or common garter snake. To see a snake, Doctor Meyer says, is for him to want it and want is to get it.

Doctor Meyer, who is sixty-eight years old, has been following his hobby for 58 of them. In Germany, when he was ten, he heard an address by Alfred Brehms, naturalist, and he immediately made his first collection of 40 snakes. On a return trip to Germany a few years ago he had difficulty with a customs inspector, who refused to believe he had live snakes in a case he was carrying.

Doctor Meyer offered to substantiate his contention and lifted the lid of the case. The inspector landed several feet away and did not bother to complete the inspection.

Through his studies at several German universities, Doctor Meyer continued his interest. He attended the University of Berlin, becoming a bachelor and master of arts. He took his degree of doctor of philosophy at Goettingen and did some work also at Oxford. Wherever the preacher went he took his collection. He studied for the ministry in Europe, but was not ordained until coming here in 1903. Since then he has served pastorates in South Jersey, Ashbury park and Albany. He has lived in Woodhaven 19 years.

Wife Conquers Fear.
Mrs. Meyer said that she was at first a little nervous regarding her husband's hobby and at times when snakes were likely to be roaming around the house, she used to send the preacher in ahead of her. She got over this early fear, however, and has since been known to permit him to store a healthy rattler in her china cabinet over a period of weeks.

Doctor Meyer's daughter, now away at a university, never had any fear of snakes. When she was five years old she used to wrap the large but harmless specimens around her and carry them to school to people, a practice that distressed the neighbors, her parents said.

Doctor Meyer has numerous white scars on his hands from bites of snakes. Bitten, he explains he has always been lucky enough to have a packet of arsenic handy. Once, grasping a cotton mouth, he escaped by the width of a

Crossed Wires

By JOHN SAUNDERS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

LILLIAN JAFFREY came out of the gates which gave entrance to the grounds surrounding her father's country house and waved her hand at Tom Collingwood as he went by in his silver. Lillian was dressed as became the daughter of a "magnate." She smiled a bewitching, careless smile at Tom as she waved her little hand in his direction; one would have thought her the most carefree going beauty in all the world. But her whole expression changed when the silver had passed. A perplexed look wrinkled her brow and her eyes took on a pensive gaze.

The young man to whom she had waved had answered her greeting with a polite, but formal, bow and had looked at her in a manner which was neither one of reproach nor of indifference, but a compound of the two. And within there had been something like defeat in his look and manner as if he said, "No, I thank you; once again twice day. All your pretty ways cannot lure me back again. I am quite satisfied to have learned my lesson." And Lillian felt it; felt it as distinctly as if she had heard him say it in so many words.

For there was no denying that Lillian had given every encouragement to Tom—and had then thrown him over. Yes, Lillian had done all this and now she was sorry for it. She tried to tell herself that there was no use crying over spilt milk; but even that venerable saying did not seem to fill the bill. What she wanted out of the past was not a wise proverb but Tom.

It was not because her parents had objected to her marrying Tom that Lillian had rejected him. He was not wealthy, to be sure, but he came of a good family, was an exemplary and rising young man holding down a responsible job. Mr. and Mrs. Jaffrey desired only that their daughter should be happy in her marriage and considered that Tom was the very one to make her happy. But when they found that Lillian had rejected him they took it for granted that she knew best, and let it go at that.

If there had been a "little opposition" to the marrying, had their love-making not run along in such quiet lines, so much of taking everything for granted. It is likely that Lillian would have uttered a yes as emphatic as her own when Tom asked her to be his wife.

And so it had been with Lillian as regarded Tom. But now that he was suddenly "around the corner," as far as she was concerned, she found that she wanted him back more than anything in all this world.

When she first realized this she had thought: "Oh, well; he is in love with me and all I have got to do is just show him I really did not mean it when I said 'No.' I can whistle him back all right." But now she was beginning to realize that Tom could not be whistled back as easily as she had thought.

That day when she had strolled out of her father's gates to see Tom pass, and had seen her sweetest smile answered by him in that unresponsive manner, Lillian, after a fit of deep despondency, resolved upon drastic measures. She would write a letter to Tom in which she would acknowledge her mistake, tell him how much she really loved him, beg his pardon for her flighty conduct and offer him a yes if he would take it. Of course, if it were true that he had ceased to love her, this would place her in a most humiliating position and expose her to a rebuff which would break her heart. But she didn't care; she could not stand things going on in this way any longer. So she went home, wrote a letter upon lines indicated, and sent it to the post office.

Tom would not get it until the next morning, she thought—she knew he seldom went to the post office in the little neighboring village for the evening mail. And she passed a most miserable night. Then the thought occurred to her that perhaps Tom would go for his evening mail and get her letter, would answer it one way or the other right off, and she would get the answer in the morning.

Right after breakfast next morning she was in her little roadster motor- ing down to the village post office. As she entered the door she and Tom almost collided.

"Did you get my letter?" she faltered with a blush.

"No," replied Tom, "did you get mine?"

"Why, not? Did you write?" she cried—and hastened to her letter box. Tom rushed around to his. In a couple of minutes they had another narrow escape from collision in front of the delivery window.

"Oh, Tom, I am so glad," cried Lillian.

And "Oh Lillian, what a jewel of a girl you are," said Tom.

Tom knew what Lillian had written. Tom had written that he could stand it no longer; that he had tried to be indifferent and couldn't manage it. Would not Lillian reconsider?

There is "not much more to tell. You know Tom your own experience, gentle reader, how happy lovers are when they have made up after an estrangement. Tom and Lillian each keep the letter the other had written and, now that they are married, whenever there is a hint of the approach of a family misunderstanding these letters are read over again—and all is at once serene.

A FEW MOMENTS WITH THE POETS

MIS WATCHWORD'S "WAIT"

"Great deeds," said Uncle Hiram, "I've observed, 'twixt me an' you, For every man that does 'em there are ten agoin' to do; There's lot o' men can sit aroun' an' entertain a crowd With how they're goin' to plant a field they've likely never plowed; Bill Jones was such a feller, an' I used t' hear him tell Of a scheme he had for killin' weeds that sounded mighty well; Machinery could do the work—a ban- need never sweat. But I find that William hasn't set the world afore yet."

"When Simpson's boy from college came, the family prophesied Within a year or two the world would view him open-eyed, And marvel at the wonders of im- provement he'd advance In scientific methods, if he had but half a chance. He stayed around the town awhile an' At poundin' little rubber balls o'er what he called 'the links.' We've scientific problems still that make professors sweat, But I note young Simpson hasn't set the world afore yet!"

"An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "future action does not count, Toward betterin' of our present state any great amount; A million 'goin'-t'-do-its' wouldn't balance one 'has done.' An' a pound of 'right-this-minute' 's worth to-morrow's' half a ton. I've noticed in my lifetime scores of fellows, sad to state, Who'd have prospered if they hadn't for their watchword taken 'Wait; Fellers sure to do great wonders ere the next day's sun had set— But I've noticed none of them has set the world afore yet!"

WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high, Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved, The mother that infant's affection who proved, The husband that mother and infant who blessed, Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne, The brow of the priest that the water hath worn, The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap, The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep, The peasant, who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed That withers away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been; We see the same sights our fathers have seen— We drink the same stream and view the same sun— And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think; From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink; To the life we are clinging they also.

STOPS HEADACHE IN FIVE MINUTES

A Wonderful Formula Ends Aches and Pains Almost Like Magic. Something Better and Safer!

Thousands of men and women are now stopping throbbings, sick- dizziness, splitting headaches, as well as the excruciating pains of rheumatism, neuritis, toothache, etc., with a marvelous new formula that is said to be far superior to any- thing heretofore used.

It contains no aspirin, acetanilid, etc., and is absolutely safe and harmless. This remarkable formula, called A-VOL, is being pre- scribed by thousands of doctors, dentists and welfare nurses be- cause of the quick, efficient way it relieves all types of aches and pains without depressing the heart, or causing any other harmful ef- fects. A-VOL quickly stops the most severe pain, leaving the patient re- freshed and feeling fine. Especially effective in women's period pains.

To quickly prove to yourself that this is truly a remarkable formula, just step into your nearest drug store and get a package of A-VOL for a few cents. Take a couple of tablets right there. If your pain is not gone in five minutes, the clerk will return your money.

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Northrop and daughter Pearl, Miss Mary John- son and Harold Wheelock of Keene, N. H., are spending a week at F. A. Mundt's. Other guests at Mr. and Mrs. Mundt's have been Mr. and Mrs. John Silver and son from Gorham, Maine, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mundt and daughter, also from Gorham.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Evander Whitman visit- ed relatives in Milan, N. H., Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Meserve of Auburn were guests at M. F. Tyler's Sunday. Phyllis and Phylmore re- mained for a visit with their aunt.

Mrs. Elden Mills is visiting her daughter Mrs. Willard Mason at West Bethel. Alfred J. Peaslee, Truc, Brown, George Bennett and Winfield White were among a party of deep-sea fishermen at Portland Sunday. They distributed their catch generously among their neighbors.

Mrs. Tena Thurston, Mrs. Ralph Young, Mrs. Harry Lyon, daughters, Elizabeth and Audrey Ann, and son, Richard, were on Grover Hill Thurs- day.

TWO-MINUTE SERMON

by REV. GEORGE HENRY

ARE YOU READY?

Preachers don't say so much about it these days as they used to, but the question is really an important and timely one. Have you made what pre- paration you can make for the day when the spirit takes its flight? The story is told of a King who gave to his court jester a staff and said, "I want to you to keep that staff until you meet a greater fool than you are." The fool carried the staff for some years, when the king was taken criti- cally ill. He had become very fond of the fool during the years of their as- sociation, and knowing the end was near, he sent for him and said, "Far- well, fool, I am about to go upon a long journey." "This is sudden, is it not?" asked the jester, "No," said the king, "I have always known that any day I must go." "Have you made ready for the journey—are you pre- pared to go?" asked the fool. "Alas, no, I am all unprepared." "Then take back your staff," said the king. You too must go. Are you ready?

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed ad- ministrators with the Will annexed of the estate of Alice B. Jordan late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

ELLERY C. PARK, Bethel, Maine. 18p

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed ex- ecutor of the estate of Ida J. Thompson, late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having de- mands against the estate of said de- ceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted there- to are requested to make payment im- mediately.

GEORGE N. THOMPSON, Bethel, Maine. 18p

THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS

Ride a Bicycle

Good Roads and the modern Bicycle offer the most economical method of travel of the age. Healthful re- creation, comfort, and speed are yours without the ex- pense of a motor vehicle. You can have a bicycle

FREE

By Securing Subscriptions to the CITIZEN

This is Not a Prize Contest

Every Person Earning 3,000 Points Will Receive a Bicycle

Points Will Be Given As Follows:

Each New Yearly Subscription in Oxford County,	100 Points
Each New Yearly Subscription Outside the County,	75 Points
Each Renewal Subscription for One Year,	50 Points

Rules and Regulations

- 1 Any reputable person residing in Oxford County is eligible to enter.
- 2 Cash must accompany all subscriptions.
- 3 Subscriptions or points earned are not transferable.
- 4 Subscriptions or renewals for over two years will not be accepted.
- 5 Each person entered in this campaign must have an official receipt book and sample copies of the Citizen before soliciting subscrip- tions.

6 A commission of 25% will be paid work- ers securing two or more subscriptions and not earning a bicycle.

7 At least one-half of the points earned must be on-ordered from new subscribers. A new subscription is one addressed to a person who has not been a subscriber for the past three months.

8 All workers will be held responsible for money collected and must make statements in full at least once a week.

9 Points on subscription card at this time may be credited to collected workers if received at the time of payment.

10 This campaign closes Sept. 2, 1932.

Call at the Citizen Office—See the bicycle—Get your receipt book and sample copies NOW.

